

The Lincoln County Herald
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY
THEO. D. FISHER.
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CHAS. MARTIN, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TROY, MISSOURI.

WILL practice in all the Courts of the Third
Judicial District. Special attention given
to the collection of debts. v6n29

B. W. WHEELER.
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
NEW HOPE, MO.

WILL attend to any professional business in
the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and
Montgomery counties.
sep771n30y1

GEO. L. COLLIER.
PHOTOGRAPHER,
TROY, MISSOURI.
GALLERY SOUTH OF BALLINGER'S
DRUG STORE.
Photograph Albums and Picture Frames
For Sale at Lowest Prices.
Call and look at my pictures.
sep7n36

T. J. WEBB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Troy, Missouri.
WILL promptly attend to legal business.
Special attention given to Collecting.
Office with J. D. Allen, in the old P. O.
building. v6n29y1

J. C. GOODRICH. W. W. BIRKHEAD
GOODRICH & BIRKHEAD,
DENTISTS,
TROY, MISSOURI.
DR. BIRKHEAD will be in the office all the
time. Dr. GOODRICH will only be here
from time to time, due notice of which will
be given. Gas for the PAINLESS extraction of
teeth administered at all times by Dr. Birkhead.
August 31, 1871.—v6n26y1

R. W. COBB,
HOUSE, SIGN & ORNAMENTAL
PAINTER,
Grainer, Glazier and Paper-Hanger.
Shop Over Dr. East's New Drug Store.
[n16c] TROY, MISSOURI.

M. N. McLELLAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Troy, Missouri.
Office at M. S. Ballinger's Drug Store.

R. C. MAGRUDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAP-AU-GRIS, MISSOURI.
Will practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial
District. v6n2

A. V. MCKEE. WM. FRAZIER.
MCKEE & FRAZIER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TROY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in all the counties of the Third
Judicial Circuit, and in the Supreme Court of the
State. v6n41y

R. D. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL
ESTATE AGENT,
TROY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Third
Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the
State. Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office
hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
v6n2

F. T. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
TRUXTON, MISSOURI.
January 1, 1869.—Inly

Occidental Hotel,
Cap-au-Gris, Mo.
W. C. MAGRUDER - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL is now open for the accommoda-
tion of the travelling public. Well-ur-
nished tables and neat, comfortable apartments.
ap1470n15y1

A. H. BUCKNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. CHARLES, MO.,
Will attend to any professional business in the
Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and
St. Charles, and in the District and
Supreme Courts. v6n1y1

HENRY QUIGLEY. EUGENE N. BONFILS.
QUIGLEY & BONFILS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Conveyancers & Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MO.
WILL practice in the various Courts of the
Third Judicial District (Pike, Warren,
Montgomery and Lincoln). Having been en-
gaged for two years past in making an abstract
of title of all real estate in Lincoln county, they
have peculiar facilities for furnishing at short
notice a complete abstract of title of all the
lands in said county.
July 28, 1870.

T. C. KELSEY,
Architect,
WILL DRAW PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS
For all Classes of Buildings,
also for Bridges and all work in the
Builder's Line.
OFFICE AT PLANKING MILLS ON WATER ST.,
CLARKSVILLE, MO.
February 5, 1871.—1p

ADVERTISE
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND
IN WEEKLY PAV.

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 6.

TROY, MO., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1871.

NO. 44.

FINWEL FAXON'S CAMPAIGN.

BY HENRIE M. HAMILTON.

Back in his store, on a July day,
1863, sat the small dapper figure of Fin-
wel Faxon, who, as the sign outside an-
nounced, and the contents of the store
implied—dealt in "groceries, dry goods
and notions." Near by—her large, ru-
bund person well fitting the capacious
rocking chair in which she was seated—
was Mrs. Samantha Faxon, the better
half, or more truthfully speaking, the
better two thirds of Mr. Faxon. The
worthy couple had just finished dinner;
and it being a very warm, sultry day,
and the good people of Elderbush village
preferring the shelter of their homes to
exposure to the sun, there were, there-
fore, no customers in the store at the
time. Mr. Faxon had been to the post-
office, and having returned with the
Weekly Bombazine, of which he was a
conscientious reader, and a firm believer
—had cocked himself back in his chair,
so that his round, shining, bald pate,
rested against a show-case, placed his
steel spectacles firmly over his nose,
arched his eye brows so as to get a good
ready, and then plunged into the mass of
war news before him. Mr. Faxon's
practice of the art of reading (like many
others) consisted in an industrious mov-
ing of the lips, probably on the principle
of those health writers who advertise
thorough mastication of food before it is
swallowed, and which Mr. Faxon may
have thought included mental aliments as
well. Anyhow, his mental food was well
chewed before it reached the intellectual
stomach. As for Mrs. Faxon, theoretic-
ally she was knitting; practically she was
sleeping. If closed eyes and an occasional
snore were any criterion. A good dinner,
good digestion, and a warm day, are ex-
cellent incentives to slumber, we all no
doubt acknowledge, and Mrs. Faxon pos-
sessed these incentives in an eminent
degree, so the knitting rested quietly in
her lap, and the ball of yarn rolled down,
unnoticed, behind a flour barrel, to be-
come a play thing for the little gray
kitten.

How quiet it was in Elderbush that
day! Aye! how quiet in the cities,
villages, and hamlets, all over the North!
yet far away in a southern land thousands
of dear, brave boys were falling like leaves
in autumn time, before the deadly fire of
armed rebellion. No sound of the fierce
cannonade, the shrill scream of abrapnel
and shell, reached those northern homes
No dying groan, or last faint cry for
mother, wife, or sister, or the lips be-
come silent forever in death—fell in the
faintest degree on those far home spots.
Ah, no! yet wives were being made
widows, children fatherless, and mothers
childless. Hearts were being wrung and
torn with anguish—and it was all quiet,
peaceful and still at home. God bless
the soldier boys! say we with all our
heart. All honor to the empty sleeve!
All honor to those dear ones who have
gone down in the shock of battle—that
great, unbroken cry of the dead, who in
platoon and column, are marching with a
trump, tramp, down the ages forever!
For them—

"No morning gun from the dark fort's embrasure,
No drum beat from the wall,
No bugle note with soft and thrilling measure,
Shall awake with its call."

However, we did not pick up our pen to
moralize—only to weave in some sort,
out of our own varied experience, a story.
We have stated it was quiet in Elderbush,
and after diligent research through the
columns of his paper, Mr. Faxon also
discovered it was "all quiet on the Po-
tomac." This important announcement
did not seem to coincide with Mr.
Faxon's ideas of crushing a rebellion, for
he threw aside his paper impatiently, and
taking off his spectacles, exclaimed:
"Goodness sakes, if it don't beat all
Sam Hill! I do wish the President
would decompose some of them generals,
and put better men in their places. It's
scandalous, the way they're doing things."
Mr. Faxon's use of appropriate words
was not always certain, and it is likely
he means *depose* instead of *decompose*;
though from our own remembrance of the
"masterly inactivity" of the Potomac
Army, we think, may be, he was not far
wrong, and if some of the Generals had
been "decomposed" the country would
have been better off.

"What's that you said, Faxon—any-
thing goin' wrong?" asked Mrs. Faxon,
disturbed from her nap by the vehement
speech of her spouse.

"A pesky sight is wrong, I should
think," said the little merchant, rising
from his chair, and pacing up and down
the floor excitedly, with his hands behind
him, slightly elevating his diminutive
coat tail.

"Sakes alive! what's the matter with
ye?" said the now thoroughly aroused
Mrs. Faxon. "Didn't your dinner 'gree
with ye? Better take a little of that
boston tea."

"Oh, no! 'tain't my dinner—it's the
Army of the Potomac. Here, instid of
follerin' up the enemy, they're gone into
camp and lost all they've gained by their
non-delay, when they might just as well
have taken Richmond as not."

"Is that all? I thought maybe you
wasn't feelin' well," answered the re-
luctant Mrs. Faxon, leaning back in her
chair and closing her eyes, satisfied even
if the army of the Potomac and heaven
should both fall.

Mr. Faxon made no reply, but going
behind the counter, reached down from
underneath a huge placard advertisement
of somebody's "unparalleled washing
soap"—a dilapidated, fly-specked, worn-
map, which he had cut out of a pictorial
paper two years before. With this an-
tremely accurate specimen of the geo-
graphy and topography of the "seat of

war," he sat down beside his wife, and
with a "now, Samantha, look a here," he
began to demonstrate how he would take
Richmond if he were the commander-in-
chief.

We suppose during the late war there
was hardly a store, office, or corner gro-
cery throughout the whole North, in
which Richmond was not frequently taken
—on the map. It beat all how many
flowers there were "born to blush un-
seen." Mr. Faxon was one of these
flowers. Indeed, so much confidence had
he in his theory, that he had serious
thoughts of embodying his views in
writing, and forwarding them to the
Secretary of War for the future guidance
of the government. Unfortunately for
the government, he never did so.

In the present instance, Mr. Faxon had
just got the union forces in flanking posi-
tion, with the rebel capital and army in
great danger of being "bagg'd," body,
soul and breeches, when an unusual
tumult in the street, caused him to leave
Richmond in possession of the confed-
eracy, and hasten to the door. Mr.
Faxon, looking up the street, could not
at once discover, from the cloud of dust,
barking of dogs, and general confusion,
what was the matter. But soon there
came dashing down the street, a horse
reeking with sweat and foam, while his
rider—a countryman in his shirt sleeves,
begrimed with dust—gave evidence with
his horse, of having journeyed fast and
far. As this "solitary horseman" rushed
onward at breakneck speed, he gave ut-
terance to snarl and shouts which were un-
intelligible to Mr. Faxon, until the
speaker passed opposite the door, when
the little merchant's heart sank within
him as he caught the dread words—
"Morgan—John Morgan is coming!"

It may be proper to state here, that it
was in July, 1863, that the rebel John
Morgan made his famous raid through
the states of Indiana and Ohio. The
people of Elderbush had heard of Mor-
gan, and something of his movements
from weekly newspapers, and from occa-
sional hearsay; but beyond these sources
of information they knew little or noth-
ing, being an isolated village, with no
railroad or telegraphic communication
with other places. They were totally
unprepared for the advent of the ubi-
quitous raider, and the bare announcement
of his presence in their immediate vicini-
ty, fell like a thunderbolt on the commu-
nity.

So it did on Mr. Faxon. He leaped
against the door post, nerveless and
speechless for a moment. Mrs. Faxon
had also heard the noise, and seen the
horseman dash down the street, and
past the store, shouting as he went.
What it was he said, she did not know,
but supposed it to be something unusual,
from the startling effect it seemed to
have upon her husband. Carefully plac-
ing the unfinished sock in her knitting
bag, for Mrs. Faxon was a careful woman,
she rose from her chair and started for
the "front" as rapidly as her large pro-
portions would admit. As she reached
the door, and her eyes met the woe be-
gone look of her husband, she exclaimed:
"Why Faxon! what in the world ails
ye! what ye standin' there for like a
dummy?"

Mr. Faxon made no instant reply.

"Speak man—I know ye ain't dumb!"
said the thoroughly aroused and now ex-
tremely impatient Mrs. Faxon. "What's
the matter?"

"Oh, Samantha," gaspingly uttered the
little man, "jist to think! Here we've
been a tillin' and tillin' and a savin' and
a savin', only to have it all snatched away."
"Snatched what? who's been snatchin'
anything from ye?" asked the worthy
lady, casting a hasty look about her,
apparently searching for the supposed
assailant, to take instant revenge in case
said assailant should be within reach.

"Nobody, as yet; but they will. The
rebel general Morgan is comin' onto the
town, Samantha, an' he'll jist burn every-
thing we've got, and carry off the rest. I
wouldn't wonder a bit if he hadn't
heard about our store afore he left the
South, an' that's jist what he's comin'
for now. Like as not he sent spies on
ahead, too. I mind, yesterday, a signifi-
cant lookin' man was in here tryin' to
buy butter, an' he didn't buy any-
nuthin'. Maybe he was a spy?" and Mr.
Faxon looked anxiously into his wife's
face as though to find relief from this
last terrible suspicion.

Mrs. Faxon was the most courageous
of the two, yet even her heart sank when
she heard of Morgan's approach, and she
stood pale and irresolute, but only for a
moment; then her presence of mind
returned.

"Well s'posin' he is comin'," she said;
"we don't intend to stand here and be
butchered like sheep. Now, stir your-
self, Faxon, an' let's shot up the store,
then you go down and see what they're
goin' to do to defend the town."

As she spoke, Mrs. Faxon stepped out
of the door and began energetically to
bring in calicoes, muslins, and other dry
goods, which had been hung out in
tempting display. Encouraged by her
example, Mr. Faxon put himself vigor-
ously to work, and under his skilled
hands, baskets of potatoes, and barrels of
flour disappeared inside the store in mar-
velous quick time. Just as they were
putting up the outside shutters, the
church bell rang forth in sharp, quick
peals, very different from the doleful
notes it usually gave forth on Sundays;
white in the street, men and women
were running hither and thither with
definite objects, dogs were barking,
and children crying. Altogether, Elder-
bush was exceedingly alarmed. Things
being made fast and secure, Mrs. Faxon
let her husband out of the door, closed
locked, and double-locked behind him,
then placing the iron poker near her, to

"break the first rebels head who put his
foot in that there buildin'," she placed
the silver spoons in her bosom, stuffed
her stockings with fractional currency
and greenbacks to the till, and sat down
in the darkened store to await the issue
of events.

Mr. Faxon fell in with the tide of ex-
cited villagers surging along the street,
and at length found himself in the meet-
ing house. Here everything was noise
and confusion. Groups of people were
gathered here and there, discoursing and
conjecturing; some with open mouths
and frightened visages, taking in at a
glance the most extraordinary statements;
some with faces pale, but lips firm set,
talking quietly of means of defense.
The largest of these groups was about
the countryman who had brought the
news, who, in every sense felt himself the
"hero of the hour." He told, as
though to him it was an affair of ordinary
occurrence, how he had come upon the
raiders as they were destroying a railroad
bridge some ten miles distant; how, with
unparalleled daring he had charged
through their midst cutting and shooting
as he went, and decreasing the population
of the confederacy to no considerable
amount. All of which was believed or
disbelieved, according to the credulity of
his listeners. At length, old General
Grandervack, who had served in the
militia, and been to the legislature, and
always took command of Fourth of July
and Sunday School processions, and was
therefore deemed, from his experience, to
be the "coming man" for the occasion—
rose from his seat, and with great dignity,
walked solemnly up the aisle to the
platform, and seated his two hundred
and odd pounds of responsibility in an
arm chair. At this overt act the people
began to settle themselves in such seats
as they found convenient, and all eyes
were turned upon the great man before
them. Silence being secured, General
Grandervack slowly arose, and swelling
forth with the importance of the occasion,
and in tones of nasal ponderousness—
thus addressed the meeting:

"Fellow citizens, I cannot but deeply
feel the honor you have conferred upon
one of the humblest of your citizens,"
(here the General bowed in self-abase-
ment) "in requesting me to preside over
a meeting so important, and I may add,
fellow citizens, so pregnant with—
with results." (Applause) "Why is it, my
fellow citizens, that we are gathered here
to-day in this sacred building? Is it to
engage in worship? Is it to indulge in
festivities or social recreation? Would
to Heaven! my fellow-citizens, that I
could answer yes; but truth forbids.
But a short hour ago, and you were all
engaged in the peaceful avocations of
life. The farmer at his plow, the me-
chanic at his bench, and the merchant at
his store. Now, how changed! Fellow-
citizens, I ask you—why this change?
Why are we here to-day? It is because,"
(the speaker here lowered his voice por-
tentionally, and shook his finger at the
audience as though shaking out some
terrible secret, word by word) "it is be-
cause a civil war reigns within our midst.
Yes, fellow citizens, at this moment the
American Eagle—emblematic of our lib-
erties—sits with folded wings and strain-
ing eye. At this moment the great op-
posite armies are breathless and still. At
this moment, forty millions of people are
silent and dumb; the eyes of all—all, my
fellow citizens, are fixed with terrible
suspense, upon Elderbush in this awful
crisis." (Applause) "Shall Elderbush
prove recreant to its duty? Shall the
hopes of the nation be disappointed, and
the cause of liberty go down in darkness
and gloom?" (cries of "no, no!")
"Shall the effete monarchies of the old
world laugh in derision, and Liberty
weep over our downfall? No, no, fel-
low-citizens, let us arise as one man, and
tell the proud foes who dare threaten our
city—that the men of Elderbush may
die, but they never, never will be slaves.
That the Union may be destroyed, that
state after state may sink into oblivion,
and the old banner be trailed in the
dust; but above all—above the ruins of
the republic, shall float, solitary and
alone, our flag—telling to the world,
that Elderbush performed her duty."
(Tremendous cheering) "Fellow-citi-
zens, having impressed you with the im-
portance of the occasion, the chair will
now listen to any suggestions that may
be offered."

General Grandervack then resumed his
seat amid a storm of cheers, which he
received with the deprecatory modesty
great men usually manifest on such occa-
sions. The "suggestions" the General
was waiting for, did not seem to come
forth freely, whereupon everybody looked
into everybody's face in the most mild
amazement, as though every last one had
left the "suggestions" he owned at home
in his Sunday clothes, and had also just
heard of the death of his grand mother.
At length, after a profound silence,
Squire Nailor, who was a candidate for
re-election as Justice of the Peace, and
who thought the present would be a good
time to make a "showing"—sprang to
his feet and said:

"Mr. Cheersman, I move, if I get any
second, that a committee of five be named
by the cheer, to draw up some resolu-
tions, expressin' the feelin's of this
meetin' on the great—great questions of
the hour; an' 'specially about John
Morgan's raid comin' onto this town,"
and the Squire sat down and wiped his
face profusely with a red handkerchief.

Again did General Grandervack's eye
turn toward the platform.

"Is there any to second Squire Nailor's
motion?" he asked.

"I second it," piped forth a squeaking
voice from the corner.

"You have heard the motion of Squire

Nailor, fellow-citizens, a motion replete
with patriotism, and with the ring of the
true metal in every word, and in which I
fully concur. Are there any remarks?"

It would be hard to say where the
patriotism or metallic ring came in, but
Squire Nailor swallowed the "soft soldier"
(for such the General intended it to be)
with face glowing with satisfaction, and
became henceforward a strong supporter
of General Grandervack's congressional
aspirations; (as the General intended he
should.)

"There being no remarks, I will put
the question," resumed the General.

"All in favor of—"
A bustle and confusion at the door
caused the speaker to pause, as the dis-
turbance was so great that his words
could not be heard. In a moment an-
other dust-begrimed messenger appeared,
who, walking up to the center of the
church—announced in a loud voice—
"John Morgan has left the railroad and is
now coming in the direction of Elder-
bush!"

Confusion reigned again, and the
"suggestions" that were so scarce a few
moments before, were now plenty as
blackberries. Everybody thought every-
thing ought to be immediately done, and
enough military plans were offered to
start a first class General in business.
Some were for offensive and some defensive
measures; others for an immediate
evacuation of the village. These last
were in the minority, we are happy to
say, and were looked upon with much
disfavor. Indeed, Squire Nailor, who
was full of self-congratulation, and Gen-
eral Grandervack did not hesitate to tell them
"they were a set of runnygates, and
they'd better go and jine the rebels,
where they belonged."

General Grandervack rapped loudly to
call the meeting to order, and at length
he succeeded in reducing the tumult
somewhat, so such definite action could
be taken as the urgency of the case de-
manded. It was decided that those who
could procure horses should do so, and
set as cavalry, to pursue the enemy—or
be pursued, as the case might be—while
the others should serve as infantry sup-
port. General Grandervack was of
course, unanimously chosen commander-
in-chief of the Elderbush mounted
and dismounted infantry, and he forth-
with established his headquarters at the
church. The people were then requested
to go home, and report back as speedily
as possible, fully armed and equipped, to
which General Grandervack added the re-
mark:

"It is said the rebels do not respect
the lives of prisoners taken with arms in
their hands, who are dressed in citizen
clothing. Therefore, every man will
uniform himself as far as possible."
[Concluded next week.]

Col. Mosby.
A Northern paper contains the follow-
ing pen and ink sketch of the famous
Col. Mosby:

"At Culpepper, a man five feet ten
inches high, broad shouldered, heavy
limbed, with straight, light brown hair
cut close, keen gray eyes, sharp, thin
nose, firmly set mouth, protruding chin
with dimple, florid complexion, thirty six
years old, the father of five children,
entered our car and was introduced to
us by a land agent as Colonel Mosby.

The Colonel is a very blunt man in his
conversation; has his likes and dislikes,
which he does not attempt to conceal.
He is rather proud of his exploits during
the war, and relates some wondrous per-
formances that "my men" did. And he
tells it in such a manner that, knowing
the man, you are perfectly willing to be-
lieve all he says is true, and the mind
guards itself against any doubts, particu-
larly while in his presence.

Just before reaching Warrenton Juno-
tion, the Colonel was approached by a
gentleman, who introduced himself as
somebody from Philadelphia, and after a
moment's conversation, said:

"Colonel, I had a near and dear friend,
who was an officer in one of our Penn-
sylvania regiments, and he was lost one
night while on picket duty near here—
they say captured by your men. Noth-
ing has been heard of him since that
night, and I thought I would make bold
to introduce myself and ask if you knew
anything of him. His name was D—
Lieutenant D—"

"Yes, I killed him myself; and he is
the only man that I am positive I killed
during the war. My men brought me
some papers he had on his person, and
we gave him a decent burial the next
morning. I will be pleased to show you
where he sleeps at any time, or render
you any other assistance in my power."

The cars stop, the brakeman cries
"Warrenton," the Colonel shakes the
hand of the Philadelphian in a peculiar
manner, a brotherly smile of recognition
passes between them, another peculiar
"shake" and out marches the "Guerrilla
Mosby." "Wolf of Piedmont," "Fox
of the Valley," with a slight "stoop in
the shoulders," and in that loose sham-
bling manner common to men whose lives
have been spent in the saddle.

"Salt" is the subject of a school-boy's
latest composition: "The salt is a spice
which spoils the potatoes, if you forget
to put it in."

A countryman going into the Probate
office, where the wills are kept in huge
volumes on the shelves, asked if they
were all bibles. "No, sir," said one of
the clerks, "they are only testaments."

"Women, wake up!" exclaims the
Revolution, and an indolent rural editor
adds: "Yes, and, d— it, turn out and
make a fire and put the kettle on."

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One Square (10 lines) or less, one insertion.....\$1 75
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\$25 A Liberal Deduction will be made to
yearly advertisers.

Set Lovengood as a Candy Fall.
I had a heap of trouble last Christmas
and I'll tell you how it happened.

Dekin Jones gave a candy pullin', and
I got a stool, as they say in North Caro-
lina, and over I see.

Sister Poll and I went together, and
when we got to old man Jones' the house
was chock full. Dog my cats of, there
was room to turn round!

There was Suzz Harkin—she's as big as
a skinned horse—and six other Harkins,
and Simmonses, and Pettigrews, and the
school master and his gal, besides the old
dekin and the dekiness, and enough little
dekinesses to set up half a dozen young
folks in the family business.

Well, bimby the pot begun to bile, and
the fun begun. We all got our places
ready, and put flour on our hands to keep
the candy from stickin', and then we
pitched into pullin'.

Wasn't it fun? I never saw sich laffa'
and entin' up in all my born days.

I made a candy bird for Em. Simmons.
Her and me expects to trot in double
harness one of these daze. She made a
candy goose for me.

Then we got to throwin' candy balls into
one another's hair, and a runnin' from
one side of the house to tuther, and out
into the kitchen, till everything upon the
place was all gommied over with candy.

I got a pine bench, an Em. Simmons
set close to me.

Suke Harkin—confound her pictur!—
throw'd a candy ball sock into one of mi
ize.

I made a bulg to run after her, and
heard something rip.

My stars alive! Wasn't I pickled?
I looked around, and that was the gable-
end of mi bran new britches a sticken to
the pine bench.

I backed up agin the wall sorter caw-
fish like, and grinned.

"Sut," said sister Poll, "what's the
matter?"

"Shut up?" sez I.

"Sut," says Em. "come away from that
wall; you'll get all greasy."

"Let her grease!" sez I, and sot down
on a washboard that was lying across a
tub, feelin' worse than an old made at a
weddin'.

Partly soon I felt somethin' hurt and
partly soon it hurt again.

Ice—whis—I jump ten feet bi, kicked
over the tub, out flew old Jones' Christ-
mas turkey, and you ought to seen me
git.

I cut for tall timber now, jumped
staked and rider fences, and mashed down
brush like a runaway herikan till I got
home, and went to bed and staid there
two daze!

If old Jones' barn burns down next
winter, and I am arrested for it, and ef
any body 'peers as a witness agin me,
I'll bust his doggon'd head! Them's my
sentims.

A Painful Frolic.
Among the choice spirits of Charles

Il., says it was the custom, when a gen-
tleman drank a lady's health as a toast
by way of doing her great honor, to
throw some part of his dress into the
fire, an example which his companions
were bound to follow by consuming the
same article of their apparel, whatever
it might be. One of the guests at a
tavern dinner, perceiving that Sir Charles
Sedley had on a very rich lace cravat,
when he named his toast committed his
cravat to the flames as a burnt offering
to the temporary divinity, and Sir Charles
and the rest of the party were obliged
to do the same. The pret bore his loss
with great composure, observing that it
was a good joke, but that he would have
as good a one some other time. He
watched therefore his opportunity when
the party was assembled on a subsequent
occasion, and drinking off a bumper to
the health of Nell Gwynne, he called the
waiter, and ordering a tooth drawer into
the room whom he had previously brought
to the tavern for the purpose, made him
draw a decayed tooth which had long
plagued him. The rules of good fel-
lowship, as then in force, clearly required
that every one of the company should
have a tooth drawn also, but they very
naturally expressed a hope that Sedley
would not be so unmerciful as to enforce
the law. Deaf, however, to all their
remonstrances, persuasions and entrea-
ties, he saw them, one after another, put
themselves into the hands of the op-
erator; and, while writhing with pain, added
to their torment by exclaiming: "Pa-
tience, gentlemen, patience; you know
you promised that I should have my
frolic too."

A blushing damsel had a man and dog
up before police court to answer the
charge of assault and battery on the
dog's part. When asked what the dog
did she said it bit her. When asked
where, after considerable hesitation and
blushing, she replied: "On the left
drumstick."

The Washington Chronicle says that
Grant's stables at Washington, when fin-
ished (estimated cost, \$50,000.) will at-
tract many visitors, and "as ye be as much
sought after as the famed stables of the
queen of England at Windsor." That's
refreshing to our Republican simplicity.
Think of the American masses paying
court to such an establishment as that.
But what shall we do with it when the
services of the chief hostler are dis-
posed with?

The foundation of domestic happiness
is faith in the virtue of woman. The
foundation of political happiness is faith
in the integrity of man. The foundation
of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is
faith in the goodness, the righteousness,
the mercy and the love of God.